



Blue Skies



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Chapter 1 by Nathan Coetzee

I can't remember the last time I've seen a blue sky, I must've been about four years old... When my mother pulled me inside our house and carried me down to the basement. That was the day the first bomb hit our state, everyday another bomb would hit... And it wasn't just our state, or our country. It was every country in the world that waged war on each other after a failed International Peace Treaty meeting.

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